

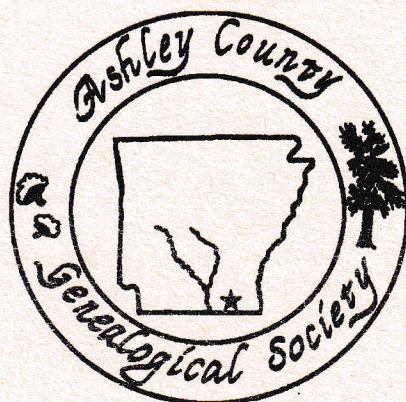
# *K<sup>in</sup> Collecting*

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A Quarterly Devoted to Genealogical Research in Ashley County, Arkansas

Volume XVI, No.2    Fall 2001

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Ashley County Genealogical Society  
Drawer R  
Crossett, Arkansas 71635

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# *K<sup>in</sup> Collecting*



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Volume XVI  
Number 2  
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## PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear ACGS Friends:

In my previous letter to you I told you about the "windfall" of documents that we got from Georgia-Pacific when they had to throw away the old Crossett-Watzek-Gates and Crossett Company records. Another gratifying aspect of collecting those records was the energetic response of some of our members when we asked them to help evaluate what was there and to perform triage, deciding what was to be thrown away. Six of us showed up, knowing that it would be dusty hard work. There were at least 1000 to 1200 pounds of ledgers and similar books to be lifted, dusted and evaluated. Many of the individual books weighed over 50 pounds. The question struck me, "What kind of people will do a thing like this, and apparently have a good time doing it?"

I got my answer that same day. It was a Monday and I had been asked to speak at the Lions Club about genealogy in general and our society specifically. When I started, I picked up the idea from the group that, "This may be another program someone is inflicting on us because it was his turn to be responsible for the speaker." We talked about how a family tree is like an electrical wiring diagram. It tells how everything ties together, but it isn't much fun. The fun is when you see how everyone works together with their neighbors and their environment. When we can see what else was going on at the time our ancestors lived, their history comes alive. It isn't just cold facts any more when we feel that we can get to know them. By the time I had illustrated that with a few interesting and funny family stories of our own (you all have them) the group's eyes were lighting up and they seemed to understand that what we do in genealogy can be real fun. At the end of the program some of them asked how they could join our group and how to get in on our next Beginners' Workshop. I don't know how that will actually turn out, but for the time they were apparently interested.

Now, what inspired Dollie Pruitt, Betty Marks, Nancy Toon, Rebecca Brown, Mary and Claude Spainhour to spend their Monday morning lugging around dusty old books? My suspicion is that it is the fact that somewhere their family history has come alive to them and that they want to expand the base of that research for themselves and others. Thank you to all who helped, including the city crew who loaded, transported and unloaded those volumes we saved. It was a fun morning and as soon as the volumes can be arranged in some order, they will be available for people to abstract pertinent information. Our hope is that there will be several genealogical articles and even perhaps books that the society can publish from this source material.

Claude Spainhour



Letters From Americans in Uniform

Compiled by  
Frank E. Denson

Sept. 27, 1917

1<sup>st</sup> Co. 87<sup>th</sup> Div., Am'n Train,  
Camp Pike, Ark.

Dear Mr. Baird:

We, the boys at Camp Pike, are getting along fine. Quite a few have bad arms from vaccinations. Guess you have already had several letters from the boys here; for every one of us enjoyed the many things which you and others of Ashley County did for us. We shall never forget our friends and loved ones at home. We expect to be out of Quarantine pretty soon. And, as for my part, and I believe every one of us think that we are in the best line of service we could have gotten into which is the 1<sup>st</sup> Co. 87<sup>th</sup> Division, Ammunition Train. We are all pleased and have the very best of men for our commanding officers. They are from the Regular Army. Capt. Cummings, U. S. R., 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut. Raymon, 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut. deMango. We know they are good men to have the patience with us that they do. Pretty soon we hope to be where they will appreciate us as we do them. Again thanking you for your many favors, I am

Yours sincerely,  
William E. Berry.

---

Letter from Willie Brown, son of Judge J. C. and Mrs. Brown, of Hamburg, Ark.

Oct. 4, 1917

U. S. Cavalry, El Paso, Texas

Dear Father and Mother:

I received your letter and the Hamburg papers today, all of which I enjoyed very much. I am writing this to let my relatives and friends in Ashley County know that I, with many others of the 5<sup>th</sup> Cavalry, will leave here in a few days for Oglethorpe, Georgia, where we will make up a guard detachment, and then set sail for France, where we will guard the Ammunition train. The order came last night. Our commanding officer came in while we at supper, and asked all who wanted to go to France to report in the officer's room at once. I never saw boys so delighted and so anxious to get their names on the list. I think every boy in my troop made a rush for the officer's room. I was fortunate in getting my name second on the list. I am very proud and happy indeed, that I have a chance to do something for my country. We have the best country on earth and we intend



to keep it so. We certainly have a just cause for entering this war, and I consider it the duty of every young man in the United States to protect our flag.

Later Oct. 4<sup>th</sup>. Before mailing the above, I received your letter, also the Bible you all sent me. I assure you I appreciate it, not only because I want the Bible, but coming as it does from my father and mother makes me appreciate it more; and I will say I intend to read it all the spare time I have.

As for the other Bibles that were ordered and paid for by the good people of Hamburg for the soldier boys, as soon as they come you can send them to me, and I will give them to the boys they were intended for; and they thank the people very much for their kindness and interest, and gratefully appreciate it.

We will leave here to-night at eight o'clock for Oglethorpe, Ga. Where we will organize our detachment and set sail for France. Don't be uneasy about me, for I feel like I will return home all right when the war is over, and I feel like it is my duty to go; it does not bother me at all; and there are many others just as anxious to go as I am, and we intend to let the Kaiser know what kind of boys we have in America. And when we get through with him he will believe that the American boys can and will fight.

I will close: will write you when I reach Georgia. Tell all my friends I am healthy and happy. With much love, your loving son, J. W. Brown.

---

Mr. Sam Burgess, who has been laid up with a broken arm in the U. S. Navy Hospital at Great Lakes, Ill., for some time, writes to his father, Mr. Ben A. Burgess, as follows:

Great Lakes, Ill., Oct. 12 [1917]

Dear Dad: How are you today? I am feeling fine and dandy, having a good time. The doctor says I will have to stay here for two weeks, but my arm seems as well as it ever was. I haven't been a bit home sick since the first week I was here. They sure do believe in a fellow taking care of himself; to bed you go at nine o'clock, and up you get at five in the morning. I am getting my regular sleep and have increased in weight from 175 to 190 pounds since I have been here; so you can tell that I am all right. I am sending you \$25.00 and I guess you can find use for it—so use it to the best advantage. How is Miss Belle getting on? Shock wrote me she was getting well; so I guess you are feeling over it if she is. How are the crops turning out? You all don't seem to think that I ever want to hear from home. Even Dan has never answered my letter, and you haven't written but just one little note. I want to hear from the whole push (old man Hicks and all.) Write and tell me all the news, and tell Dan if he don't write I am going to give



him a good cussing if I ever see him again. I am coming home in March, 1918, if I can save enough to pay my fare in that time. So it won't be no four years before you see me again. Write soon, to your son.

Sam Burgess,  
U. S. N. Hosp., Great Lakes, Ill.

---

J. Carroll Cone wants to drop bomb on the Kaiser.

Ashley County Boy Now in New York Ready to Sail For France.

(The following letter was received by the PINE BLUFF COMMERCIAL from J. Carroll Cone, who gave up his automobile business in that city several months ago to join the army aviation service. He is now a first lieutenant in the aviation corps and is temporarily located with the Third Foreign Detachment at Mineola, Long Island, but expects to leave soon for France.)

10-18-1917

"I promised when I left Pine Bluff to write occasionally and as I am now stationed at Bedloe's Island with several other army fliers, preparing to sail for France, I decided I had better take this chance to write, as I would not have another opportunity to write from this side of the big pond.

"For the past three months I have been giving preliminary flying instructions at Rantoul, Ill., having completed my own course sometime like four months ago. Two weeks ago I was sent with about 30 other men to San Antonio, Tex., to take a course in advanced flying and after 10 days there we were ordered to New York to prepare for overseas service. We are all very anxious to get a crack at the kaiser [Kaiser] and are tickled to death with our prospects just now.

"Some of our bunch are so confident of reaching Berlin by air that they have written their sweethearts promising them a button off the kaiser's uniform not later than spring. I hardly feel that confident, but do feel like we are going to have the honor and extreme pleasure of dropping some boquets [bouquets] of concentrated dynamite and death on the kaiser's [Kaiser's] palace in Berlin before many months pass. I only hope that I will be fortunate enough to be included in the first bunch of U. S. A. fliers that are given that privilege.

"I am the only Arkansas boy in this bunch but expect Guy Stewart in France by spring, as he was put on the flying list at Rantoul and proceeded to break all records by making his first flight alone in one day over a week after being put under instructions.



"I don't know any more about the probable length of this war than any ordinary citizen, but I do really believe that with the beginning of spring the kaiser [Kaiser] is going to wish he was somebody else.

"Remember me to my friends and tell them when I land in the U. S. A. again I expect to buy a ticket straight through to Pine Bluff.

Yours, etc.,

J. Carroll Cone

"First Lieutenant, Aviation Section, U. S. army."

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October 18, 1917

Editor Eagle: Just a word, if you please. I would like to give my friends back in dear old Ashley my address, and will appreciate a line from any one who may wish to write. We boys here are always glad to hear from the folks back home. Everything is lovely here now, just like home, sweet home. We think this is the only life—you boys back home should try it—there is nothing I like better. Don't let that sweet heart cause you to miss the best part of life; you will never know just what good times are until you get in the ring. Some of you Ashley County boys come out here and get in the ring with me. We will show you what a soldier's life is.

John V. Willis,

Co. D. 11<sup>th</sup>, 44<sup>th</sup> Batallion [Battalion], 165 Depot Brig.,

Camp Travis, San Antonio, Tex.

---

Camp Pike, Oct. 19, 1917

Mr. S. B. Baird,

Dear Sir: Please allow me just a few words to my Ashley County friends and loved ones. We enjoy reading The Ashley County Eagle every week. Especially the Local happenings. I would be glad if some one from each neighborhood will write up the local news to the Eagle. We enjoy reading them so much, and knowing the happenings at home, even though it seems useless to the people there.

I of course have been thinking and looking into our present condition during this bloody time of war, since I have been here at Camp Pike. We are not to say anything against our Rulers who have higher power and authority, and nothing that would hurt our government in [any] way. It is not my heart's desire to do or say anything that would hurt our American [American] people. I am ready and willing to give my time, even my life for our great American people, in any way that will help the cause. I would be glad if this



war would come to a close without any more blood shed, without any more time and money spent. It is a terrible bad thing for any Nation to be at war.

We are doing pretty well here at Camp Pike. Of course we don't have things as well and pleasant as at home. But everything is as well as could be expected. We of course do not have cakes and pies baked and prepared by mothers, but most always have plenty.

I want to ask everybody who may read these lines to say and do everything they can for peace and Liberty, between our nations world wide. You may not think you can do anything there at home, but every one of you can have an influence when you are not thinking you have. Stand for the right.

Yours very truly

Claud M. Gregory.

---

The following letter from one of Ashley County's first volunteer soldier boys to his father, explains itself:

Camp Pike, Oct 16, 1917

Dear Father: I received your letter yesterday, was glad to hear from you, and am glad you are well. I am feeling very good now. My arm is still sore from the sprain, but is much better.

You ask me if I had called a drafted man a slacker, which resulted in a fight and a ten days sentence in the guard house.—No! There never was a greater lie started. Not one word of truth in it, and I can prove it.—Furthermore, I'd make any one a present of a \$100.00 Liberty Bond to prove that there was one word of truth in it.

There is no one in the army who has a greater respect for the men in the National Army than I have. In fact we are all the same. The only difference is in name, and we will soon be the same, since as you know most of the first 40 percent will be transferred to us, and we all look forward to that time. No such idea has ever come into my mind. And if I had been guilty, how could I have received my promotion? I am proud a record is kept of every soldier, and after the war clouds have faded away, I hope you can find mine clean. If not, you will forgive me? For it will be an error of the head and not the heart. May God help me to do my duty for my country and ever hold up the blood stained Banner of Christ as I go and prove true to every expectation of you and mother.

Do not believe such reports. I dare say the one who started such is a craven coward, who will neither volunteer nor give a cent for the poor, suffering European soldiers and the American boys, but turns people off by



saying: "the Government provides." And its "a poor man's fight and a rich man's war." Etc. just to keep from giving, and it may be that he had escaped the draft in some way. Don't insult me by telling me who it is, if you happen to know; for surely my faith in his loyalty would be shaken. Now understand, I do not care so much on my own account, but do not want you and mother to even think of such. My only desire is to do my duty in every way. You support the Liberty Loan and every other issue of the Government. For I consider this just as patriotic as anything one can do. You and all laboring men and all those who contribute to the maintenance of an army to win this great war are just as patriotic as any one in the "khaki." We must have this support so help us win in this way. I am your loving son,

Henry L. Boykin,  
Co. K., 153<sup>RD</sup> Inf. U.S.N.G.  
Camp Pike, Ark.

---

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross received the following interesting letter from their son, Floyd, at the U. S. Navy Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois:  
11-1-1917

Dear Father and Mother:

I will try to answer your letter received today. I am glad you are still well. I am well and my face is as red as an Irishman. Am so fat I can hardly stoop over to lace my shoes. I weigh 172 pounds, have gained 22 pounds since I enlisted.

Well, I am so delighted I can't hardly write. We have moved out of tents into barracks yesterday. Gee, we came very near freezing in the tents. We didn't have any heat at all and now we have steam heat and electric lights, and eat in a mess hall and sit down to a table like people should, and sleep in hammocks. My tentmate and me sleep side by side. We take warm baths now instead of cold. Gee, this is a swell place to a fellow just out of tents. I am sitting on the floor writing; it is as clean as your hand for we have to scrub the floor three times a day.

We had a four inch snow last night but it came a storm and rain this morning and melted it.

We went out to target practice the other day. It was warm and nice, and I made the best score of my squad and got a dollar; the leading ones in each squad get a dollar. My score was 248; we shot 60 times each.

I got my pillow all o.k. last week. You don't know how glad I was to get it, and it looked so much like home. I also got the peanut candy, it sure was fine and I invited my tentmates to help me eat it.



Oh, listen, I saw Sam the other day for the first time since we left Little Rock. I sure was glad to see him; he is in Co. 29, he has just got out of the hospital and gone into Detention Camps.

Tell Walter to always stay at home for there is no place in the world like home. Tell Mansel to be a good little boy and go to school so he can learn to write me a letter. Answer soon.

Your loving son,  
Floyd J. Ross.  
Co. A. 2<sup>nd</sup> Regiment  
Great Lakes, Ill

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#### OUR BOYS IN THE NAVY.

Receiving ship, Yerba Buena [Buena] Island, California, Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>.

Editor Ashley County Eagle:

Dear Sir: We desire to express our appreciation of your paper and let you know how much it means to us, to read the news from home occasionally.

We are now serving the U.S. Navy, stationed on the U.S.S. Rainbow, awaiting orders to go to sea. We have been separated and in various parts of the country for the past ten years, but we met again in good old "Frisco," about two weeks ago, all with the same point of view.

We read a number of letters from boys from home, who have gone to the front in different branches of the service, and we wish them all good luck, and are glad to know that Ashley County is doing her "bit" in the game.

The Eagle is coming regularly now every Thursday, and we are always glad when it arrives.

Trusting that some day we will see all the folks again, we are

Three Native Sons,  
Henry A. Wells, Portland.  
James R. Wheat, Mist.  
Russell A. Smith, Hamburg.

---

November 15, 1917

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nolley,

Dear Uncle and Aunt:

I have been thinking for some time I would write you all and let you know what I am doing and who I am with.

This leaves me well and happy. I joined the Navy the 30<sup>th</sup> of June last and went in training the 5<sup>th</sup> of September. I am with a bunch of Hamburg



and Crossett boys. These are the boys from your town are George and Cooper Riley, Floyd Ross, and Dick Arrington, of Crossett. Chubby Collins was with us but he left last week to go aboard a submarine. Dick Arrington and I are in the same Company. He is just like a brother to me. I could not have found a better boy to be with than Dick.

I was at church this morning. The Chaplain made such a beautiful talk about the Jackies that went down last week. Some of them were from this State. We have all got to call on the boy's mother, who lives in Chicago, next week, but oh my, I am not going if I can get out of it, for I know she is almost crazy with grief anyway and then seeing us boys will only make it worse for her.

Every one here treats us just like we were one of their family. We are invited to everything in a social way for a hundred miles of the Training Station.

I wish Guy was with us. I know he would be if he could stand the examination, for I know there is no cowardly blood in our family. Brother is crazy to come but he was turned down on the draft examination and I know he could not stand the navy examination, and I am really glad he could not as mother needs him with her.

Why don't Guy write me some times? I want to come home Christmas and if I do get to come, will come to see you all. Tell everybody that I know there Hello.

Your loving nephew.

Charlie McCorts.  
Co.2<sup>nd</sup> Reg. Camp Dewey  
Great Lakes, Ill.

---

November 17, 1917

Editor Eagle: I have just returned from Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, where I went to visit my son, Herman Craig, and found him doing so much better than I expected that I hardly know how to tell you about it. I left home on Saturday and arrived at the Camp Sunday. The first thing I saw was a bunch of soldier boys. I asked them if they knew Herman. One of them replied that he did and took me to his tent. But Herman had gone to town; and while waiting for his return I went over part of the Camp and saw lots of interesting things. When Herman returned I took another trip with him through the Camp and found everything so nice and pleasant it sure made me feel good. When night came I wondered where I was going to sleep. But Herman went to the supply house and returned with cots and blankets enough for four or five men. I slept in the tent with them and enjoyed it fine.



I was never treated better in my life. I met lots of Ashley County boys and they were all glad to see me. I saw several hundred drilling and marching and it was truly an interesting sight. They have a splendid corps of fine looking officers. The distance around the Camp is 35 miles and they have 75,000 soldiers there. They are all certainly well cared for and everything about the Camp is kept "in apple pie order." Every one who has a boy or friend at Camp Beauregard ought to make them a visit. It will do you good, and prove a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to the boys also to meet the folks from home. They will give you a royal welcome, a good place to sleep and plenty to eat.

Yours truly,  
J. C. Craig.

Rawls, Arkansas

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11-18-1917

Now the first actual fighting has occurred between German and American forces in France. With a heavy barrage fire the Germans isolated a salient occupied for instruction by a company of American infantry. Advancing under cover of this fire a German force killed 3 Americans, wounded 5 and captured 12.

Thus has American blood been shed and American soldiers wounded. This is war. This is the terrible thing that President Wilson held out against for two years, years that were filled with outrage at the hands of Germany and with much censure by his own countrymen. As the lives of American soldiers shall be lost at the front the war will advance to another stage. It will be grimmer and more serious business in the eyes of the people at home and there will be a new spirit of sacrifice and consecration. Americans who shall find soldiers' graves behind the trenches in France will set more hands to the work of the war and cause the making of new resolutions to give what service can be given in aid of the great cause in which our country has enlisted.— Arkansas Gazette.

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November 1917

Camp Pike

An extract from a long interesting letter from Bunyan Riley to his mother, Mrs. J. H. Riley

Dearest Mother:

You may think I never think of you but I certainly do. I have addressed all of my letters to papa and Lillie, but this does not mean that I have



forgotten you. If anything, I think more often of you than any one else. You see I have to do my own washing and ironing and look after my clothes, therefore I can appreciate what patience you had, and I shall always from now on care the more for you.

We have changed schedule since coming here. We get up at five o'clock in the morning. We line up in our places. Each squad; composed of eight men, has its respective place. We line up in two lines. The Corporal reports his squad present or accounted for. If any member of his squad is absent and he does not know where he is, he reports him absent without leave. We then stack arms and clean up, and it means clean up too. There is an uncommissioned officer in charge of quarters for the day, and it is his duty to see that every bit of trash, etc., is cleaned up. We are then dismissed and go to our tents, and the corporal of each squad must see that his men fold up their blankets and place them at the head of their cots and clean up their tents. Then roll up the tent on the sides, undo all the ropes and turn the pole so the sun can shine on everything.

We then line up for breakfast. The first line is served first. The cooks and mess sergeant have a certain thing to hand out and they put it in our mess-kits and cups and we scatter everywhere to eat. There are a few benches and the rest have to sit on the ground. I like it, for it seems like a picnic. After breakfast we go to drill from 7 to 11:30. I see the posted menu for today is soup, roast beef, beans and bread. As a general thing we get plenty to eat, but I sure get tired of beef and navy beans. We go back to drill at 1 o'clock and drill till 5. We sure are drilling hard too. When the Band plays the "Star Spangled Banner" we present arms (a salute) and hold it till the band finishes. It sure does sound pretty down here in these piney woods to hear the Band play late in the evening when everything is so still. Wherever a soldier hears the National Anthem played he must stop everything and stand at attention and come to a salute until the music ceases.

After supper we have our time to ourselves, and when we get out of quarantine we will get to go to town every fifth night. But the man in charge of quarters checks to see if everyone is present at a certain time.

I don't know when I will get to come home. I sure do want to come home for a few days. I was issued some more clothing this morning, something nice enough to wear home. I won't get but four or five days when I do get to come. With lots of love to all.

Bunyan

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[11-22-1917]



Dear Editor: I have been intending to write you for some time, but I just couldn't get started somehow. Life in the Navy is much different to civilian life. You have to be ready to obey orders at a moment's notice at all times. We have to go to bed at nine o'clock and be perfectly quiet until five o'clock in the morning. After getting up we all take a nice warm shower bath and rinse off with cold water. It is very nice here in our new quarters, but when we were in our old quarters (Camp Paul Jones) we had to sleep in tents and we had to take a cold bath every morning, for there wasn't a drop of hot water there.

At Camp Paul Jones I have eaten breakfast (chow) off of a table three inches deep in snow and snowing as fast as I ever saw it snow before. Our drill hours are from 8 a. m. until 9:30 a. m., from 9:45 a. m. until 11:15 a. m., from 1 p.m. until 2:30 p. m. and from 2:45 p. m. until 4 p. m. At 4:15 p. m. we fall in for supper and at 5 we start eating. I have been a reader of the Eagle for years and I have managed to not miss a copy so far since I have been up here. My brother wrote he had subscribed for it for me, and I sure was glad to hear it, for I had much rather get an Eagle than a letter, for I get all the general news from home at one time. A friend at Great Lakes, Ill.

Sam'l. R. Burgess.

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[November 29, 1917]

Thornton Collins, who is now at the U. S. Submarine base at New London, Conn., writes to his parents, in this city, as follows.

Dear Mama and Papa: I happen to be in the Police Station in New London at four o'clock this morning. I'm not into trouble, however, just on guard. The night corps just came off duty, and I had a barrel of fun while they were here listening to them pull off jokes on each other; believe me they have all got big feet. Twenty-five of us came together from Great Lakes. We had a pullman to ourselves from Chicago to New London. Jackson and Battle Creek, Michigan, were the largest cities I saw on the way, as we came through Detroit, Mich., and Buffalo, N. Y., at night. We came through a tunnel under the river at Detroit and traveled through a part of Canada. It took us from eight o'clock Monday morning until six o'clock Tuesday afternoon to make the trip, and twenty minutes was about the longest stop.

Well you want to know what my job will be. If I can master these torpedo and submarine lessons I will be a gunner's mate. My station will be at the torpedo tubes at the bow of the boat.



All men on submarine boats get \$20.00 a month extra pay, and qualified divers get more. But I have been seeing them dive here in the river and I have decided I don't want too much extra money. Those diving uniforms don't look good to me. I would rather stay on the top side and pump air down to the other fellow. They tell me that when you get down about one hundred feet the water has an awful pressure; and besides I am too small to navigate with a pair of fifty pound shoes on. I will probably be here all winter and get on one of the new submarines that come out in the spring.

Mama, I took out \$3,000.00 insurance for you. Its like this, if I go down and don't come up get twenty dollars a month until the \$3,000.00 gives out. The government is going to start holding back part of our pay and give it to us at the end of our cruise, with 4 per cent interest, or else we can make out an allotment of \$15.00 or more and send it home. So I am going to sign an allotment soon and send it to you. Well, mama, I haven't met an Arkansas boy since I've been here. We have a few boys from Texas, and the majority of them are Northern boys.

My love to grandma and papa. I sure did enjoy Foster's letter, and tell him I sure would like to see him. Answer soon, with love, your son,

Thornton.

---

November 29, 1917

The following letter from one of soldier boys to the folks at home gives an interesting account of their removal to South Carolina:

Dear Mother, Father, Brother and Sisters: After two days and nights of traveling and over a distance of nearly one thousand miles, I shall drop you these few lines. I am this afternoon in Camp Jackson, South Carolina, about six miles out from Columbia. The trip was delightful to me, for it was a longer one than I have taken before, and I saw some nice towns and beautiful country.

There were about five hundred of us soldier boys on our train, and we had some time. The only ill feature was the eating. We got but little to eat except what we could buy out at the windows of the train. We had thirteen coaches to the train, and all had berths, so you see we could enjoy the day travel and night also.

I shall attempt to give you an outline of our route. They say it is 973 miles over the roads we came. We left Camp Pike Thursday about 1:30 and our train was held over in Argenta until 2:30. We went from Argenta to Memphis, but did not get to see much of the city, as it was night when we got there and we had all gone to bed. We arrived at Nashville about eight o'clock the next morning, and were held over there for an hour or more.



Nashville was the prettiest town we had the pleasure of seeing. It was real cool there and all of us could have made good use of our overcoats if we had had them.

From Nashville we went to Chattanooga, and it was about 2:30 p. m. when we got there. We could not tell much about Chattanooga from the railroad; it is a very smoky town and looks old. The travel from Nashville to Chattanooga was the most interesting of any to me. The country is somewhat mountainous and I enjoyed it fine. I saw some pretty good mountains. We went through tunnels between Nashville and Chattanooga. One I suppose must have been half a mile or more in length. The other was shorter. It was as dark as any night you ever saw while we were going through them. You could not see the one sitting by your side.

Our next good town out from Chattanooga was Dalton, Ga. We did not stop in Dalton but a few minutes, but it seemed to be a nice town. It was about 2:30 p. m. when we passed through.

I have heard much about the red hills of Georgia, and believe me they are red, too.

Our next good town was Atlanta, which I was very anxious to see, but unfortunately it was dark when we got there; about seven o'clock by my time, but our time was slow of course, to time there. However we saw some nice buildings near the train. We stopped in Atlanta about two hours. We had had but little supper and the boys were getting pretty hungry by that time, and we gave the boys who were selling lunches a good business.

Went to bed in Atlanta and most of us were asleep before the train pulled out. The next thing we knew it was day light and we were traveling in the beautiful level part of South Carolina. Had passed through Augusta, Ga., some time during the night, later through Columbia, and arrived at Camp Jackson at nine o'clock by my time, but I was one hour slow with the time here.

So far as I know and have seen of this Camp, I like it fine, as well or better than Camp Pike. However, it is not as pretty as Camp Pike.

The trip was worth a hundred dollars to me, but I didn't much like the occasion for coming. It brings us nearer the trenches.

I do not know, but I think our next move will be across the pond. We are only about one hundred and twenty-five miles from the coast. Write me as soon as possible. I am yours lovingly,

LaFayette Byrd,

5<sup>TH</sup> Training Batallion, [Battalion]

156 Depot Brigade.

Camp Jackson, S. C.

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## The Descendants of Casper Hall FUGLAAR and Laura Ann SLAY

1. Kasper Hallesen FUGLAAR was born at Overhalla, Norway, on August 8, 1837. He was the son of Halle Olesen FUGLAAR and Karen Knutsdatter STOREMDAL. He emigrated to America in 1848 through New York City and lived at first in Chicago, Illinois, where he worked in a furniture factory and went to night school to learn to read and write English; he always "figured" in Norwegian. Before he left Norway, he had read a book about the "Sunny South", and he presently left Chicago to live in the South. He did not know anybody, and he "talked funny", so he had a hard time at first, but he presently got a job working as a carpenter, building a saloon in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana. (He had been trained in several trades in Norway by attendance at schools which would be conducted in a locality by instructors who traveled from place to place.) A church was being built in the neighborhood, and it was proceeding poorly because none of the church members was a carpenter. Casper volunteered to help, and by instructing the church members and doing some of the work himself, a serviceable church was built. This appears to have established favorable notice of Casper in the community, and it brought him to the attention of the SLAY brothers, who were engaged in the pine knot trade. Pine was cut west of Catahoula Lake and sent on barges down the Little River and Black River to the Red River and the Mississippi River where it was sold for fuel (for steamboats) and the barges were knocked apart and sold for lumber. The SLAYS had a constant need for barges, and they hired Casper to build barges for a time. He was naturalized as an American citizen in Catahoula Parish, Louisiana on November 10, 1859. He went to New Orleans and learned to be a gunsmith. He was married to Laura Ann SLAY, a sister of the SLAY brothers, on January 29, 1860, and he was living in Trinity, Louisiana, when the census of 1860 was taken. Trinity is the old river port just north of Jonesville, Louisiana, where the Little River, Ouachita River, and the Tensas River come together and form the Black River. It was an important river port for steamboats before railroads became common. Laura Ann SLAY probably had slaves which belonged to her before she married. Casper disapproved of slavery and he freed the slaves before the Civil War. They stayed with him and worked, but he paid the wages. During the Civil War, Casper worked in a hospital and "fixed guns" at Harrisonburg, and later he "handed out government supplies" at Natchez, Mississippi; the former was apparently Confederate and the latter was apparently Union activity. After the Civil War Casper had a general store



and U.S. Post Office in Trinity in addition to his gunsmith shop. Breathing the vapors from soldering and metalworking was bad for his lungs, and he contracted Bright's disease. He died on January 12, 1889 in Trinity, having had an incapacitating stroke, and not having a will. He was buried in the cemetery about a mile north of Trinity, Louisiana, on the bank of the Ouachita River. His wife, Laura Ann SLAY, was born in Mississippi on September 26, 1843. She was the daughter of Noah and Martha Elizabeth SLAY, and a descendant of William SLAY who came to America from near Glasgow, Scotland, around 1740.

Around 1893, after the death of Casper Hall FUGLAAR, Laura Ann SLAY was married to William MULLINS, a widower, whose family had perished in a hurricane. She survived him, and died on January 8, 1929, at the home of Alonzo FUGLAAR in Trinity, Louisiana. Apparently the property of Casper Hall FUGLAAR was not properly distributed to his heirs in accordance with Louisiana law, but was sold to satisfy debts of Laura Ann and William MULLINS, who had no children. There is also evidence that Casper had a cache of gold coins which were not found by his family after he had the stroke. It probably amounted to several thousand dollars, which was a very substantial amount at the time. The children of Casper Hall FUGLAAR and Laura Ann SLAY were:

- i. Martha Elizabeth FUGLAAR, born May 21, 1861, at Trinity Louisiana, died July 16, 1867 at Trinity. Buried at Jonesville Louisiana, in an old cemetery located on one of the Indian mounds in the area.
  2. ii. Thomas Hall FUGLAAR, born December 15, 1862, at Trinity, Louisiana. Died March 1, 1941, at Pineville, Louisiana.
  - iii. Grant FUGLAAR, born February 16, 1865, at Natchez, Mississippi, died October 1, 1865 at Trinity, Louisiana, in the same cemetery as Martha Elizabeth.
  3. iv. Volney FUGLAAR, born April 28, 1868, at Trinity, Louisiana, died April 13, 1933 at Monticello, Arkansas.
  4. v. Alonzo FUGLAAR, born August 30, 1870 at Trinity, Louisiana, died April 11, 1969 at Jonesville, Louisiana.
2. Thomas Hall FUGLAAR was born December 15, 1862, at Trinity, Louisiana. He married Elodie Boyd SMITH, the daughter of Walter and Loula SMITH. In his later years he was the sexton of the cemetery in Pineville, Louisiana. He died at Pineville, Louisiana, on March 1, 1941, and



was buried at the Mount Olivet Cemetery. His children were:

- i. Ollie FUGLAAR
- ii. Lawrence FUGLAAR, resident of Pineville, Louisiana, and member of the city council in 1966.
- iii. Casper FUGLAAR
- iv. Norman FUGLAAR (no family)
- v. Warren H. FUGLAAR, wife Myrtle, retired and living in Pineville, Louisiana in 1966. His children:
  - (1) Warren H. FUGLAAR, Jr.
  - (2) Harry FUGLAAR
  - (3) Myrtle FUGLAAR, married - JOHNSON
  - (4) Shirley Ann FUGLAAR, married - RICHARDSON
- vi. Randolph FUGLAAR
- vii. Thomas FUGLAAR, died about 1940
- viii. Elmer FUGLAAR, no family, resident of Lake Charles, Louisiana in 1967.
- ix. Olevia FUGLAAR, married - PEARSON
- x. Onitta FUGLAAR, lived in Oklahoma

3. Volney FUGLAAR was born April 28, 1868, at Trinity, Louisiana. As a boy he and his brothers hunted and fished in the woods and rivers in the area, which abounded in wild game and fish. They also rode their small rowboats in the waves made by steamboats going up and down the Ouachita River, to the consternation of their parents, as this was somewhat hazardous. Public schools were very limited in that area until much later, but Casper Hall FUGLAAR was able to afford tutors to teach his children. Volney was accordingly fairly well educated for the time, he was a fair amateur artist and writer. His writings are an accurate reflection of the time and place in which he lived. He was married at the old Oakley Church near Gilbert, Louisiana, on November 18, 1893, to Vinoria REEME. She was the daughter of John M. REEME and Nancy Ann Elizabeth WEATHERLY and a descendant Eberhard REAM who emigrated to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1717. Volney and Vinoria lived at Noble, Louisiana, and Gilbert, Louisiana. In 1910 they started to move to the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, as there was malaria in Louisiana. Traveling by horse drawn wagon. they had reached Ashley County, Arkansas, when Volney W. (Pete) FUGLAAR became very ill, and they stopped on the advice of a physician. He was slow to recover, and by the time he was well, Volney had rented a house and gone to work. At various



times he had cafe (The Red Rooster) in Hamburg, Arkansas, a farm on Beech Creek, a blacksmith shop in Portland, and a general store in Snyder. However, at "The Fuglaar Place" on Beech Creek, where Volney farmed and raised stock as was the custom at the time. Loula and Laura and the twins went to high school at Monticello, some living with their uncle John W. REEME, as the local school only went through the eighth grade. At one time John W. REEME lived in AShley County on Pine Prairie in a house with porches on all sides called "Windy Castle". Volney moved from Beech Creek to Portland so that the younger children could stay at home while attending high school. At Portland Volney ran a grist mill and blacksmith shop but worked principally repairing equipment for the railroad. Vinora, who was born December 19, 1870, died at their home in Monticello, Arkansas, on October 21, 1926, and was buried at Union Ridge Cemetery, which is south of Monticello. Volney died April 13, 1933, at the home of Loula at Monticello, and was also buried at Union Ridge Cemetery. The children of Volney FUGLAAR and Vinora REEME were:

5. i. Loula Mae FUGLAAR, born February 6, 1895, died September 22, 1964.
  6. ii. Alexander Hamilton ("Hamp") FUGLAAR, born March 29, 1897, died February 13, 1978.
  7. iii. Laura Abigail FUGLAAR, born May 28, 1898, died June 21, 1970.
  8. iv. Volney Whittington (Pete) FUGLAAR, born August 10, 1901, died January 8, 1939.
  9. v. Marshall Alonzo FUGLAAR, twin of Volney W., born August 10, 1901, died April 20, 1980.
  10. vi. Clyde Roland ("Dodd") FUGLAAR, born September 6, 1903, at Noble, Louisiana, died May 19, 1967.
  11. vii. Lottie Lee FUGLAAR, born February 1, 1906, at Gilbert, Louisiana, died October 6, 1984.
  12. viii. Idelle Lorene (Dell) FUGLAAR, born September 17, 1907.
  13. ix. Jess H. FUGLAAR. born March 22, 1909, died July 30, 1958.
4. Alonzo FUGLAAR was born August 30, 1870, at Trinity, Louisiana. He was a boat builder by trade. He had a boat yard on the point where the Little River joins the Ouachita River, with equipment for hauling the largest boats up on ways for repair. He repaired boats and barges by carving timbers to replace damaged ones, and built boats and barges in his own yard



and later, during World War I, at the boat yard run by the government at Monroe, Louisiana. His advise at age 96 in 1966 was, first always let your wife have her way, and second, never be afraid to make a move. He died at Jonesville, Louisiana, on April 11, 1969. He was married once to Alma KISLEY and had four children: (Alonzo was buried at Harrisonburg, Louisiana.)

- i. Ray Halleson FUGLAAR, died March 25, 1966, at age 71 years. Survived by his wife, Ester SHOWS, two sons, and four grandchildren. His sons were:
  - (1) Robert H. FUGLAAR
  - (2) James Ray FUGLAARJames was buried in the National Cemetery , Pineville, Louisiana.
- ii. James Russell FUGLAAR, married Lottie SANDIFER. Killed in auto accident in Jonesville, Louisiana, on February 18, 1970 at age 72 years. He ran the electric power station in Jonesville for many years and also worked for the U. S. Corps of Engineers at Vicksburg, Mississippi. He was a veteran of World War I. He was buried at Harrisonburg. He had one son and one grandson,
  - (1) John Russell FUGLAAR - resident of Jonesville, Louisiana, and a school teacher, married, one son:
    - (i.) James FUGLAAR
- iii. Gladys Mae FUGLAAR, married Harvey SMITH. Resident of Trinity, Louisiana in 1970. Two sons:
  - (1) Harvey SMITH, Jr.
  - (2) Hyram SMITH (children: Wes, Chuck, and Terry)
- iv. Martha Val and FUGLAAR, married - REYNOLDS. Resident of Vicksburg, Mississippi in 1970. Three children:
  - (1) Walter REYNOLDS (children Val and Robin)
  - (2) Alma REYNOLDS, married Ben JETER
  - (3) Bernadine REYNOLDS

5. Loula Mae FUGLAAR, born February 6, 1895, in Louisiana. Married James Henry EDWARDS, who was related by marriage to a daughter of John W. REEME, an uncle of Loula, in 1911. Henry had a store with one of the first filling stations for automobiles in Monticello. He also worked for the state highway department. After her children were grown, Loula went to a beauty operator school in Pine Bluff, Ark., and worked from about 1934



until she was forced to retire following a serious injury in an automobile accident. She had her own shop with several employees in Monticello, She died September 22, 1964, at a hospital near the home of Helen in Texas, and was buried at Union Ridge Cemetery near Monticello, Arkansas. Extremely industrious, she managed to become financially independent during the depth of the great depression. Two children:

14. Helen EDWARDS, born April 23, 1912.

15. James Terrell EDWARDS, born April 24, 1914.

6. Alexander Hamilton ("Hamp") FUGLAAR, born March 29, 1897, in Louisiana. Married Clara Lavinia STOVER. Worked for the Crossett Mercantile Co. Bought land west of Crossett, Arkansas, and built a general store. Owned other businesses until retirement, including a drug store, tavern, cleaning shop, gasoline station, and others. Served as first mayor and chief of police of West Crossett when town was organized. Served as Justice of the Peace, still commissioned in 1970. Last job before retirement was operation of state highway weight station at Hamburg, Ark. No children. Died February 13, 1978. Buried at cemetery between Crossett and Hamburg (Pinewood).

7. Laura Abigail FUGLAAR, born May 28, 1898 in Louisiana. Married in Ashley County, Arkansas, on July 19, 1913, to James Augusta HOWIE, a native of Ashley County, son of Robert HOWIE and grandson of Michael P. HOWIE. The Howies came to Ashley County from Alabama and before that lived in North Carolina. Female lines include MELLARD and POLK - one generation were second cousins of Jas. K POLK. They lived in Ashley County at Portland and in the Mount Pleasant community, and briefly in the 1930's in Big Spring, Texas. Died June 21, 1970, buried at Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Ashley County, located between Hamburg and Portland, Arkansas. One daughter:

16. Nora Elizabeth HOWIE, born January 2, 1928.

8. Volney Whittington ("Pete") FUGLAAR, born August 10, 1901, in Louisiana. Went to work for Marion Supply Co. in Arkansas and was transferred to Texas, creating a lasting family connection to the latter state. Married Jewel ("Judy") JAMERSON, a native of Texas. Moved to Big Spring, Texas. Initiated a trucking business and an oil well supply business and speculated in oil well drilling. Was becoming very successful when he developed stomach cancer and died in Big Spring, Texas, on January 8,



1939. Two sons:

- 17. i. Jay Volney FUGLAAR (called J. Pete), born March 31, 1930.
- 18. ii. John Slay FUGLAAR, born November 3, 1937.

9. Marshall Alonzo FUGLAAR, born August 10, 1901, in Louisiana. Married Velma ("Jimmie") JAMERSON, natural sister of Jewel JAMERSON, wife of Volney W. FUGLAAR. Also worked for Marion Supply Co. and moved to Texas. Three Children:

- 19. Marion Lorene FUGLAAR, born September 6, 1927
- 20. Marshall Alonzo FUGLAAR, Jr., born November 20, 1928.
- 21. James Roland FUGLAAR, born February 19, 1930.

10. Clyde Roland ("Dodd") FUGLAAR, born September 6, 1903. at Noble, Louisiana, Married Lorraine HORTON, a native of Texas. Lived at various times in Big Spring, Texas, Tullos, Louisiana, where he had three oil wells, Long Beach, California, where he worked in ship yards during World War II, had a ranch west of Red Bluff, California, and a well drilling business in Midland, Texas. Killed in a hunting accident on May 19, 1967 near Sterling City, Texas. Buried at Big Spring, Texas, with a Masonic ceremony. Two children:

- 22. Vi Jean FUGLAAR, born September 3, 1932.
- 23. Ronald Terry FUGLAAR, born June 25, 1935.

11. Lottie Lee FUGLAAR, born February 1, 1906, at Gilbert, Louisiana. Moved with family to Ashley County, Arkansas, in 1910. Attended old Tide School through eighth grade, and graduated from Portland High School. A school teacher, she attended Monticello A & M College, Monticello, Arkansas, Southwestern Bible School, Enid Oklahoma, received a B. A. from the University of Mississippi, and a M. A. from San Jose State College, San Jose, California. Married first on July 31, 1924 to Cyrus Valentine FLOWERS at Snyder, Arkansas. Divorced in 1926. Taught school at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Rogers, Arkansas, Enid Oklahoma, and Woodville, Mississippi. Moved to California in 1944, teaching at Kelseyville and Upper Lake. Taught at Claremont in 1951-2, Married March 7, 1953 to SAMMIE S. SASSER, a native of Florida, who retired from the Marine Corps in 1968. Lived and taught school at Kaneohe, Hawaii from 1957 to 1963, and at Tustin, California since 1963. Died October 6, 1984 in Georgetown, South Carolina. One Son:

- 24. Jarrott Val FLOWERS, born November 19, 1925.



12. Idelle Lorene ("Dell") FUGLAAR, born September 17, 1907, in Louisiana. While attending the University of Arkansas at Fayetteville, met and married Bachen Singh TEJA, a native of India from the vicinity of Bombay, married April 6, 1931. Moved to California, living since about 1934 near Yuba City. TEJA took degrees in biochemistry from the University of Arkansas, and also attended the University of Minnesota. He has been a peach grower and has been active in community affairs for many years. After her children were grown, Delle became a Licensed Vocational Nurse. Two sons:
- 25. i. G. Dave TEJA, born May 27, 1934.
  - 26. ii. Robert Lee TEJA, born December 24, 1942.
13. Jess H. FUGLAAR, born March 22, 1909 in Louisiana. Attended high school in By Spring, Texas, where he played football with success that he was remembered by the newspapers in 1967. Worked as a salesman in California where he was married first to Elgie HOLMAN on February 21, 1936. Worked in ship yard in Long Beach and served in U.S. Navy in World War II. Divorced, he married Mary Ann FERRY. After the war he was living in Oregon, when he was seriously burned when his house was destroyed by fire. His mother-in-law burned to death in this accident. Jess recovered after about a year, during which he had skin grafts to his legs, in the veteran's hospital in Portland, Oregon. After recovery, he became a real estate broker at Yuba City, California. He was quite successful in this, and was able to retire after a few years. He died near Yuba City on July 30, 1958. No Children.
14. Helen EDWARDS, born April 23, 1912, at Monticello, Arkansas. She was married on June 4, 1931 to Fred FIELD, who was a native of Texas. Fred was attending Monticello A & M College on a football scholarship; he was a friend and fellow player with Jess FUGLAAR #13 when Jess was at Big Spring, and was introduced to Monticello through Jess. Fred worked for many years in the oil fields in West Texas. They are retired and live at Crane, Texas. Their children and grandchildren:
- i. Henry Birt FIELD, born May 3, 1932, married Mary - in 1966.
  - ii. Betty FIELD, born April 11, 1934. Married on December 21, 1953 to Rev. James Robert HAWKINS, a minister of the gospel. Their children:
    - (1) Kathy HAWKINS, born October 15, 1954.
    - (2) Phyllis HAWKINS, born October 1, 1956.



- (3) Helen HAWKINS, born October 29, 1959.
  - (4) Gladys HAWKINS.
- iii. Sam Terrell FIELD, born December 20, 1935. Married Anita -. A university graduate and an electrical engineer, he lives and works Phoenix, Arizona. Their children:
    - (1) Michael Fred FIELD, born June 16, 1965.
    - (2) Karen Kathleen FIELD, born September 23, 1966.
15. James Terrell EDWARDS, born April 24, 1914. Attended and graduated from Monticello A & M College and the University of Arkansas, and became a high school teacher of agriculture. For many years he taught in the high school at Heber Springs, Arkansas. He was married to Ruth McCORD, who is also a graduate of the University of Arkansas. Three children:
- i. Patricia Ann EDWARDS, born October 8, 1945.
  - ii. Kathryn EDWARDS, born December 5, 1947.
  - iii. James Thomas EDWARDS, born February 10, 1952.
16. Nora Elizabeth HOWIE, born at Sunshine, in Ashley County, Arkansas, on January 2, 1928. She was married on October 12, 1950, to Houston HART. They reside in Hamburg, Arkansas, and he is employed at Crossett by Georgia Pacific Corp., formerly the Crossett Lumber Co. They have two daughters:
- i. Demaris Abigail HART, born September 24, 1951.  
Won a scholarship from Georgia Pacific upon graduating from high school in 1969; attending the University of Arkansas.
  - ii. Mary Elizabeth HART, born October 1, 1952. plans to go to nursing school in New Orleans.
17. Jay Volney (J. Pete) FUGLAAR, born March 31, 1930 at Big Spring, Texas. Graduated from Howard Paine University at Brownsville, Texas, where he was the starting fullback on the football team. After graduation he was an athletic instructor in high school. He died September 1, 1962, after an illness similar to that of his father.
18. John Slay FUGLAAR, born November 3, 1937 at Big Spring, Texas. Married Jacqueline Ann HAZLEY. Two daughters:
- i. Tyra Denette FUGLAAR, born January 29, 1964.



- ii. Michelle Annette FUGLAAR, born September 5, 1966.
19. Marion Lorene FUGLAAR, born September 6, 1927 in Texas. Married Jack HALL. No children. Deceased.
  20. Marshall Alonzo FUGLAAR, Jr., born November 20, 1928. Married Barbara BENEFIELD. Four children:
    - i. Jemey James FUGLAAR
    - ii. Marion Gail FUGLAAR
    - iii. Terrell FUGLAAR
    - iv. Loretta FUGLAAR
  21. James Roland FUGLAAR, born February 19, 1930. Married Jo Ann MOORE. Resides in Odessa, Texas. Deceased September 3, 1981. Three children:
    - i. Joanna Lynn FUGLAAR, born May 19, 1954.
    - ii. Ila Sue FUGLAAR
    - iii. Jay FUGLAAR
  22. Vi Jean FUGLAAR, born September 3, 1932. Married Charles WHEAT. Divorced. Two daughters:
    - i. Vivian Lea WHEAT, born 1970. Married 1969; daughter born 1970
    - ii. Callene WHEAT, born May 19, 1955.
  23. Ronald Terry FUGLAAR, born June 25, 1935. Served in U. S. Army. Killed in auto accident on December 15, 1955, in Midland, Texas.
  24. Jarrott Val FLOWERS, born on November 19, 1925, at Arkansas City, Arkansas. Graduated from high school at Brookhaven, Mississippi in 1942. Graduated from University of California with B.S. in Mechanical Engineering in 1948, M.S. in 1951. Married on July 3, 1949 to Marilyn Louise WAYMIRE, who was the daughter of Irvine D. WAYMIRE and Isobel MANNING, born at Upper Lake, California. Resident of Orange, California. Three sons:
    - i. William Lee FLOWERS, born January 12, 1952, at Long Beach, California. Graduated from high school in 1969; won North American Rockwell scholarship. Student at U.C. L. A.
    - ii. Robert Allen FLOWERS, born November 15, 1953, at



Lancaster, California.

- iii. James Edward FLOWERS, born June 14, 1956, at Rockledge, Brevard, Florida.

- 25. G. Dave TEJA, born May 27, 1934, in California. Served in U.S. Army. Attended University of California at Davis, and Law School at University of San Francisco. Admitted to the bar. Presently serving third term as the District Attorney of Sutter County, California. Married Billie Ann RAY, from Ashley County, Arkansas, who is a Registered Nurse. Met at the University of Arkansas. Two children:
  - i. Loretta Rae TEJA, born November 29, 1959.
  - ii. David Lyon TEJA, born June 9, 1962.
  - iii. Tombi TEJA (female)
- 26. Robert Lee TEJA, born December 24, 1942. Graduate of University of California at Davis and University of San Francisco Law School; admitted to the bar.

#### **TIP OF THE MONTH:**

Genealogists are always searching for their grandparents, great grandparents, events of the Civil War and American Revolution. Don't forget the current generation will all too soon become great grandparents themselves. Write notes or stories of your life as well as world events and changes that happened during your life time. The 1900's have seen some extraordinary changes in lifestyles.

Take one piece of paper or more for each year and state your age, where you lived, what you did, family members, mode of transportation, vacations, hobbies, school, church, etc. Keep this in a 3-ring binder and add to it as you think of more interesting tidbits. Your grandchildren and great grandchildren will appreciate your efforts in the years to come.



Narrative of Lottie Lee (FUGLAAR) SASSER, March 19, 1966  
as told to J. V. FLOWERS

I was born February 1, 1906, at Gilbert, Louisiana, in Franklin Parish. It is a farming center with just a few stores and post office. My maternal grandparents, John M. and Nancy Ann Elizabeth (WEATHERLY) REEME owned a farm of some size, over 100 acres, near there within sight of Bayou Macon. (It was the southwest quarter of section 10, Range 8 East, Township 12 North). My grandfather was dead (since 1889) and my grandmother died shortly after I was born.

I was named Lottie Lenora in the family Bible, but I wouldn't have the 'Lenora' part, so I used the name Lottie Lee. The Lottie was for a school teacher in the community, Mrs. Lottie CHENNAULT, the Lee was for her stepson Clair Lee CHENNAULT. The '-nora' was from my mother's name, Vinoria. This same Clair Lee CHENNAULT is the one who was a general in the U.S. Air Force in World War II who organized and commanded the Flying Tigers in China. I have a silver spoon given to me as a baby by Lottie CHENNAULT. (\* Lottie Lee later was an English teacher in high school, etc. and abhorred diminutives. I don't believe she ever knew that her namesake was really Charlotte CHENNAULT. J. V. F.)

According to Laura it was decided in a family council to move away from Louisiana because of malaria. The Ozark Mountains was chosen as the new home. I remember leaving Louisiana at about four or five years of age. Father moved to Arkansas in a covered wagon. I wasn't in style any more, but he always wanted to be a pioneer. The Ozark Mountains had been chosen because the children thought that fruit orchards grew there, and fresh fruit was rare in Louisiana at that time. Quote from Laura about 1967 - "I have never yet seen the Ozark Mountains."

On the road one of the twins, Volney W. (Pete) became very sick from malaria, and we stopped in Hamburg, Arkansas on the advice of a doctor. By the time he got well we had rented a house from a family named BECKWORTH. The first places I remember were the Mitchell Place and the Boykin Place, where I remember spending my sixth birthday. There was also the old Howie Place, called the Cedars, long gone, and of course the Old Fuglaar Place. (The NE quarter of the SW quarter of Section 20, Range 5 West, Township 17 South.) You might say that I 'grew up' at the Fuglaar Place.



All of the family except Laura and Sister (Loula) lived there. The house was set on cedar blocks and was of board and batten construction, of pine boards, with a pine tongue and groove floor. There was a full front porch, and the living room was twenty feet square with a giant fireplace, which would hold logs so big that it took two men to put them on the fire. We burned hardwood logs, started with pine knots, in the fireplace. There was another large room that was the dining room and kitchen, but after the twins came home from school it was curtained off, and Delle and I had a bed at one end of it. Mother's and dad's room was furnished as a bedroom, and there was a big like a dormitory for all of the boys. When I went in there to make the beds, I thought I'd never get to the end of it.

The Old Fuglaar Place also had a barn, two mules, a mare, cow, pigs, a chicken house, and a well that was over 100 feet deep that never went dry if you were man enough to turn the crank to raise the bucket.

It was on the upper part of Beech Creek, which flowed whenever it rained. It was easier to use creek water than well water for some purposes, and mother also had rain barrels.

There was also a smoke house, which was normally full of smoking pork, and a potato house, which was an A-frame made of planks, situated on a mound, and insulated with clean white sawdust.

I was always my job to clean and refill the lamps. We first had plain coal-oil lamps, and later the better ray-o mantle lamps. On one occasion a lamp caught fire in the house, but mother picked it up and threw it out into the yard, where it burned fiercely.

Mother had an old Comfort brand kitchen stove, for which she specified ash wood, so whenever she needed it, father would go out and cut an ash tree, whether his own or someone else's I do not know.

There were rattlesnakes all over the place, and down by the creek there were water moccasins. I guess the lack of fear of snakes was all that kept me from being bitten, because I stepped on one rattlesnake and almost picked up another one for a potato in the potato house. It was coiled up and looked like an oversized potato in the dusk of evening. I slowly backed off when it rattled and went and told the boys. They wouldn't believe me until they went and looked. They killed



it, and it was four or five feet long and thick bodied. The time I stepped on a rattlesnake, Brother (Hamp) threw a fit - "you'd be dead now if it had bitten you" - and he made walk behind him after that.

We were one of the few families around who grew sugar cane and made our own syrup and brown sugar in that community. Doc WOODS, a colored man, would come to cook our cane sugar and molasses. The first cooking in the fall was a real social event, and the first batch was always eaten up immediately. A cane crusher was turned by mules, and the juice came out through a spout and discharged through a straining cloth into a barrel. The men fed the cane into the crusher and shoveled the squeezed cane away with a pitchfork, and the children drove the mules around in a circle. The rules were that you could holler at the mules all you wanted to, but you were not supposed to actually hit them with a piece of cane unless they actually stopped.

Cotton, corn, and molasses were the cash crops, and the woods were full of our wild hogs. I remember our mark: it was a crop and a split in the right ear and a crop and an underbit in the left ear. The pigs were rounded up and marked when they were little. Before marketing they were fed corn for a few weeks to take out the wild taste from the acorns and such that they ate in the woods.

We always had a garden about an acre in size, which had winter as well as summer vegetables. Perishable vegetables were stored in the potato house before a freeze. We also grew watermelon, cantaloupes, real 'mushmelons', some round and some with crooked necks.

Dodd grew Jerusalem artichokes, which were very good. The garden also included English peas, white crowder peas, sweet peas, calico and white butterbeans, Kentucky wonder green beans, cabbage, collards, turnips, mustard, radishes, all kinds of onions, sweet and field corn, strawberries, boysenberries, tomatoes, all kinds of squash, pumpkins, carrots, parsnips, and Irish potatoes. By dad's birthday in the spring (April 28th) we usually had 'new' potatoes, peas, and berry pie.

There were lots of wild blackberries and huckleberries, which mother canned, so we had them the year round. She made pies from the canned fruit. Another delicacy was wild muscadines. We had jelly, jam, preserves, and ate them fresh. There was also jelly made from wild mayhaws and elderberries.



Favorite winter delicacies were parched peanuts, molasses taffy, and popcorn balls. Apples and peaches were dried as well as canned. We entertained ourselves and company with these.

Every fall we laid in a supply of hickory and scalybark nuts. There were some wild pecans, but they were mostly down in the swamp at the bottom of overflow hill.

Dodd had a lot of steel traps and he made figure-4 traps to catch birds. He caught mink, raccoons, 'possums, and sold the hides by mail to a Lee Fur Company. Jess was too small, and Dodd didn't want to go alone, so he took me along on tours of his trap line. I learned where to look for all kinds of birds: redbirds, which we caught for fun and let go, and quail, which we ate. We also would catch and cook robins on a stick in the fireplace - mother wouldn't cook them. Sometimes we would cook blackbirds and eat them with a bit of salt out in the woods, which we thought was great.

We had a buggy, a horse wagon, a two horse wagon, and for a while a surrey. There was just a dirt road or trace from our house out to the 'main road', which was graded. It was just a plain old dusty dirt road when I first remember it, but you seldom got stuck on it, even after automobiles were common.

We mostly went to Hamburg to buy our staples and produce, trading at the W. L. BLANKS store and others. Just a mile or two from our house Mr. Henry SCOTT had quite a good country store. He sold almost everything, and his prices were quite reasonable. He would buy milk, butter, egg, and such, which he probably sold in Hamburg.

William Jarrett FLOWERS cane by one day selling fruit trees for the Starke Company, and my dad put in an orchard of his trees: apple, peach, pear, plum, and a quince tree in the garden for mother to use for making preserves. The plum trees at Laura's (1966) are descendants of those trees.

In the spring the whole woods was a fairy ground of flowering trees of all kinds, and there were wild flowers of all sorts: dogwood, redbud, red haw, black haw, wild plums, wild cherries, and all of the small flowers, violets, daisies, buttercups, jack in the pulpit, lady slippers, and wild sunflowers. In the fall there was goldenrod and a different sunflower, the blackeyed Susan.



We went to the Baptist Church, the old Mount Pleasant Church. Neighborhood families included the Bob HOWIE family, Jake WHITE, Henry SCOTT, Bill HUDSON, Claude BROOKS, a big bunch of PEACOCKS, LADDS, a widow Ida SCOTT with six or eight children, and Brother Ben BELL, the preacher. Also going to church were three families of AUSTINS, CAULEYS, Jess Foster, the WILKERSONS, and many more. The church would be full, with people outside looking in the windows. They came by foot, horseback, wagons, surreys, and cars. Once a year there was a graveyard cleaning, to clear weeds and reset the headstones. The graveyard is behind the church.

When we went to church it was customary to visit someone after church for dinner, go somewhere else for supper, and then go to church again in the evening. On Sundays, then, all of the community would be gathered at only four or five homes.

There was a school next to the old Mount Pleasant church, but we went to the old Tide School, which was closer to home. (Lottie Lee pointed out a location for Tide school on the topographic map, but others gave a different location. According to Jim HOWIE, 'They were all correct - the old Tide schoolhouse was dragged up and down the roads from time to time!')

We walked to school except in inclement weather, when Delle and Jess and I would ride old Minnie, the mare. School was about two miles from home. Old Minnie wouldn't go very fast. One day Delle and Jess goaded so that she bucked us off and broke the saddle girth. She wouldn't let us catch her, all the way home she stayed just out of reach. When we rode old Minnie we took a few ears of corn to feed her at noon. Dodd unsaddled and fed her .

It was only an eight grade school, but they put in a ninth grade to accommodate Brother (Hamp) and Scot POWELL. Levi CLAIRE wasn't that far along, but he was a grown man going to school. The school teacher was Sam B. HUGHS; he was also a preacher and a graduate of Ouachita College. Under him a debating club was set up. I wasn't old enough to participate, but I liked to listen. Brother (Hamp) was the champion debater. We had school programs of songs and recitations occasionally. There was a spelling Bee every Friday, which I always won, and Brother was proud of my spelling.

The year the woods burned - All six of us children were at school. The teacher had just asked a student for an exclamatory sentence, when mother burst through the door and said "the whole woods is on fire - will you let the boys come



home?" Several people at school took off in their buggies with all of the big boys, and dad sent Dodd with a bell to rouse the community. Delle, Jess, and I had to walk home, and Delle was exhausted. All of the boys, strangely enough, knew just what to do to fight the fire, they set backfires and made clearings, but they could not keep the fire from jumping the road into our field. When that happened, Marshall jumped into the field with wet towsacks and beat the flames out. Enough men came on horseback to save our crops, which were just ready to harvest. Without the neighbors help we would have lost everything.

The storm - A storm, probably a tornado, came right through our property one night. Dad had some new ground - generally cleared but with dead trees still standing - which had corn 'laid by' and peas planted. The trees were all blown down and interlaced in a mess, and the corn disappeared entirely. The peas were blown away and sprouted all over the creek the next spring. There was a log rolling to get rid of the dead trees. All of the neighbors came, and there was dinner in the yard - the yard trees had been topped and did not blow down. The men used long poles to roll the logs onto a pile and burn them.

Old Josh KELLER was the first in the neighborhood to have a car.

Mother was a wonderful practical nurse, frequently away from home tending sick people. That was one reason I learned to cook and keep house when I was young, she was frequently away from home, and there weren't any older girls at home when I was growing up. I stood on a box to mix biscuits. Mother delivered babies for all of the neighbor colored women who could not afford a doctor.

All of the family except Loula and Laura lived at the old Fuglaar Place. Two years, the twins, Volney W. (Pete) and Marshall, lived with Loula and Laura to go to school, and the rest of us all bawled our heads off when they came home for a visit, and finally dad said he wasn't going to let them go off any more.

Sister (Loula) had gone off to high school in Monticello, probably staying with her uncle John W. REEME and his family there. She married at age 16 before she finished. (She was a charter student at what was later Monticello A & M, etc.) Laura also went off to high school and married. Daddy looked at me and said I'm not going to send you off to school to get married, little as you are." Then Daddy went off for several days. When he came back, he said we were moving to Portland, I was glad because I was going to get to go to high school.



We moved to Portland when I was age 13, in the fall, in time to start to school. We rented a house from E. J. CAMACK. (The typist remembers meeting him in the 1930's. He had been in the Red Shirts in Tennessee during Reconstruction.) This house was on a corner, where the main road from Portland turns west to go out toward Bayou Bartholomew. It was shaped like a cross, with five rooms, and a porch on each corner. We had a big garden, a barn, and cows. Dad bought a grist mill and a blacksmith shop.

Dodd was the only one who could make the grist mill run, but he couldn't explain to anyone else how to do it. Dodd was always good at machinery but never cared much for school.

Dad had a good living from the blacksmith shop, not shoeing horses, but mostly fixing wagon wheels and equipment for the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Dad was an excellent welder; he evidently picked it up from his father, who had been a gunsmith, among other things.

After I had been to the eighth grade graduation ceremony and the high school graduation in Portland, I decided I would try to be valedictorian when I graduated. I worked hard, prayed to make my parents happy, finished high school in three years, and was valedictorian.



## Early Families of Ashley County

### William H. BROOKS

William H. BROOKS has been successfully engaged in tilling his present farm of 320 acres since 1869, and by industry and good management has succeeded in putting 135 acres under cultivation, and on this tract raises one-half bale of cotton and from fifteen to twenty bushels of corn to the acre. He was born in Mississippi September 7, 1847, to Willis BROOKS and wife, of Alabama, the former being a son of John BROOKS, of Mississippi. The subject of this sketch began life for himself in 1866, but prior to this joined the Confederate army in 1864, being a member of a reserve corps, stationed at Camden, under Capt. DAUGHTERY. At the close of the war they disbanded at this place and returned home, the former reaching the parental roof in May 1865. On January 10, 1877, his marriage with Miss Martha PARCO, of Ashley County took place, She being the daughter of Henry PARCO, a farmer living in Drew County. To Mr. BROOKS and his wife a family of seven children has been born: Henry W., Benjamin T., Clara Ann, John W., Mattie L., Hogan Allen and William H. Mr. BROOKS is a member of the Free Will Baptist Church, is a liberal contributor to the same, and is in every respect is an upright man and citizen. His father and mother are still living in Ashley County, and the former was a soldier in the Indian War of 1836 in Alabama.

Goodspeed History of Arkansas, p. 890

### Willis A. CAIN

Willis A. CAIN, planter, Portland, Ark. The agricultural interest of Portland Township are ably represented by the subject of this sketch, a man whose life has been pass in the calling which now receives his attention. He owes his nativity to Marion, Perry County, Ala., where his birth occurred on July 7, 1845, and remained under the parental roof until March, 1861. Prior to that time he had attended Howard College at Marion and later entered military shoal at Tuscaloosa. Then he, with seventeen others, ran away to Vicksburg, and joined Company F. Twentieth Alabama Infantry, and served three years and four months. He was on detached service at Jackson, and after the parole he was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringold, Dalton, and in the spring of 1863 was at Rocky Face Ridge, Resaca, Atlanta, Rough and Ready, Dalton (where they captured 200 negros), through Huntsville, Ala., to Florence, Columbia, Tenn., Franklin, Nashville, and then fighting nearly all the time back to Shoal Creek, near Florence. They were then at Bentonville, N. C., were afterward sent to guard some salt at Broad River Bridge, N. C., then went to Blackhawk Station, then to Atlanta, from there to Tallapoosa River, and then Mr. CAIN, with one companion, came down that river to the Alabama, and from there to Montgomery, where he was captured. He was held over night, and then went on foot to Selma, from which place he made his way home after an absence of over three years. Later he began clerking for R. W. COLE in a grocery house, continued with this six months, and then went to Selma, where he filled the same position for Hanna & Morton for eight months. From there he went to Mobile, thence to Mansfield, DeSoto Parish, La., and three months later started for Mexico. He got as far as Guadaloupo River, and then returned to



Louisiana. Three months after this he went Marion, Union Parish, La., clerked for B. B. THOMAS for three years, and then, on December 20, 1871, came to the bayou, Portland Township, and here he has resided since. For the first he rented land, and then bought eighty acres, to which he has since added forty acres more. He has sixty acres cleared. In 1874 he married Miss Alice HOLLAWAY, daughter of James HOLLAWAY, an old citizen of this county. five children have been born to this union -- four sons and a daughter: Walter A., James E., Benson, Samuel E. and Alma. Mr. CAIN has been deputy sheriff nearly ever since he settled in this county, and has also held the position of school director. In politics he adheres closely to the Democratic party, and socially he is a member of K. of H. Mrs. CAIN is a member of the Methodist Church. The parents of Mr. CAIN, Anderson and Sarah (BENSON) CAIN, were natives, respectively, of North Carolina and Alabama. The CAINS were are of Irish extraction, and the BENSONS of Scotch. Wiley CAIN, the father of Anderson, and his wife, Sarah, came to America from Ireland early in the present century. Anderson left home when fifteen or sixteen years of age, and came to Alabama. He drove a team during the day, and studied law during the night, and was rewarded by being elected clerk of the circuit court, which position he filled for twelve years. He became one of the leading attorneys of the county, and before the war, had accumulated considerable property, being the owner of a large plant and fifty work hands. He in the spring of 1865, and was buried in that county. He was both a Mason and Odd Fellow. He left a family of three children -- a son and two daughters - his wife having died in 1850. One of the daughters is living in Ashley County, and is the wife of George FRANKLIN. The other sister died in Ashley County in February, 1885.

Goodspeed History of Arkansas, p. 891-892

### **George W. FRANKLIN**

George W. FRANKLIN was born in Mississippi in 1846, being the son of J. A. FRANKLIN, mention of whom is made in the sketch of John B. FRANKLIN. In 1859 George W. came to Arkansas with his mother in search of a more healthful location, and being pleased with this section of the country they made a settlement on a farm south of where the subject of this sketch now resides. Here his opportunities for acquiring an education were few and far between, but he afterward received a good business education, and by contact with the world he has become a well posted and intelligent citizen. After the first year of the war he was left at home with his brother, John D., to care for four younger brothers and one sister, and he set himself dutifully to this task, giving them advantages for acquiring an education. In October, 1863, he left home to join a cavalry company, and was on detached duty most of the time until the close of the war, as a guard in the commissary department. His company was disbanded at Marshall, Tex., in the spring of 1865, and he immediately came home and once more began tilling the soil. Through his own exertions he has become the owner of 400 acres of land, 150 acres of which are under cultivation, and although he has resided here since 1877, he has only been the owner of the place since 1880, but has it nicely improved with buildings, etc. His land yields average crops, and prolific crops of berries and fruits are raised. He was married on December 19, 1876, to Miss S. F. CAIN, of Ashley County, a daughter of Anderson CAIN, who died in 1867, after having served as county clerk in Alabama for sixteen years. He was the father of three children. W. A. CAIN (a son) now lives in Portland, Ashley County. Mr. and Mrs. FRANKLIN have five



children: Allie Mae, Eula, Ernest, Floyd and Arthur. Mr. FRANKLIN belongs to the K. of H., and politically is a Democrat.

Goodspeed History of Arkansas, p. 901

### **John B. FRANKLIN**

John B. FRANKLIN has been located in Ashley County, Ark., since 1859, and during the long term of years in which he has resided here he has won the reputation of being not only a substantial and progressive farmer, but an intelligent and well posted man in all public affairs. He was born in Mississippi in 1849, to John A. FRANKLIN, a deacon in the Missionary Baptist Church, who died in 1858. John B. FRANKLIN was brought up to a farm life, but after he came to the State of Arkansas he received little or no schooling. At the age of twenty three he settled on Bearhouse Creek, purchased eighty acres of land, and there, with his newly wedded wife, he began to till the soil, but at the end of five years, or in 1878, he moved to his present abode. Owing to his desire to keep out of the beaten path, and to his adoption of new and improved methods, together with industry and good judgment, he is now Owner of 420 acres of valuable land, which yields an average crop, vegetables, fruits etc., being raised in abundance. His marriage, which occurred on February 12, 1873, was to Miss Malinda, a daughter of Joshua CONE, but he was called upon to mourn her death on August 14, 1883. After remaining a widower until April 6, 1884, he was married to Miss Lukie PIERCE, whose father was Henry PIERCE, of Dew County. His third marriage took place on September 11, 1886, the maiden name of his wife being Henrietta STRAUGHNN, whose father, J. W. STRAUGHN, died in Mississippi on June 3, 1862. To Mr. FRANKLIN'S first union the following family was born: Alvin L. (who was born December 15, 1873, and died November 8, 1878), Oliver D. (who was born September 24, 1875, and died August 19, 1881), David E. (born February 25, 1877, and died September 24, 1879), Ida M. (born July 28, 1878), George A. (Born March 10, 1880), and Eva M. (born July 11, 1882). No children were born to his second union, but his present wife has borne him two children: Mary E. (who was born on July 5, 1888), and Seleta Parilea ( who was born February 5, 1890). Mr. FANKLIN is a Democrat, a member of the K. of H., and since eighteen years of age has been a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, and a deacon in the same since twenty-five years of age.

Goodspeed History of Arkansas, p.900

### **James R. FRANKLIN**

James R. FRANKLIN, planter and mechanic, Hamburg, Ark. Mr. FRANKLLIN is a gentleman who attends closely to his own affairs, and for this reason if no other, merits the esteem of all. He is at present residing on his fin farm of 320 acres, seventy-five acres under cultivation, situated five miles southwest of Hamburg, and is considered one of the substantial men of the county. He was born in South Carolina on November 22, 1823, and is the son of G. M. FRANKLIN, a pioneer farmer of South Carolina (his native state), and a private in the Revolutionary War. About 1832 the father moved to Alabama, where our received the principal part of his education. The latter remained in Alabama until 1842, and then went to Illinois, where he was superintendent of a workshop for some time, He then went to Memphis, followed



the trade of wagon-maker for some time, and then went to Lake Point, where continued the same business for a period of five years. In 1850 Mr. FRANKLIN settled in Arkansas, entered land 160 acres of land, and afterward entered land to the amount of 320 acres. He was married on August 9, 1850, to Miss Louisa WERLAND, daughter of John WERLAND, of Mississippi. Mrs. FRANKLIN bore husband nine children, all living: Martha E. (born September 21, 1851, now the wife of C. P. MANN, a planter), Gillis M. (born January 18, 1855, and who married Miss Lula GOODWIN of Hamburg, Ark.), Charles A. (born September 19, 1856, and married Miss Lillie HONEYCOTT, of Ashley County, Ark.), John H. (born November 15, 1859, married Miss Grace MILLER), Sallie J. (born March 17, 1862, and the wife of William P. HOOKER), James E. (born October 1, 1864, married Miss Ella MAXWELL), William C. (born June 2, 1867, and married Miss Kittie CARTER, of Ashley County), Susan Ann (born July 25, 1870, now the wife of J. C. WRIGHT), Robert L. (born January 26, 1876). Mr. FRANKLIN acted as marshal of Hamburg one year, and was frequently elected justice of the peace. He is also a member of the A. F. & A. M., having filled all the offices in the lodge. In politics he is Democratic, but liberal and impartial in his views. He owns and runs a steam saw mill, grist-mill and cotton-gin. Mr. FRANKLIN is one of the honest, upright citizens of the county, never gave a mortgage, nor had a law suit in his life.

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### **John T. Carnahan**

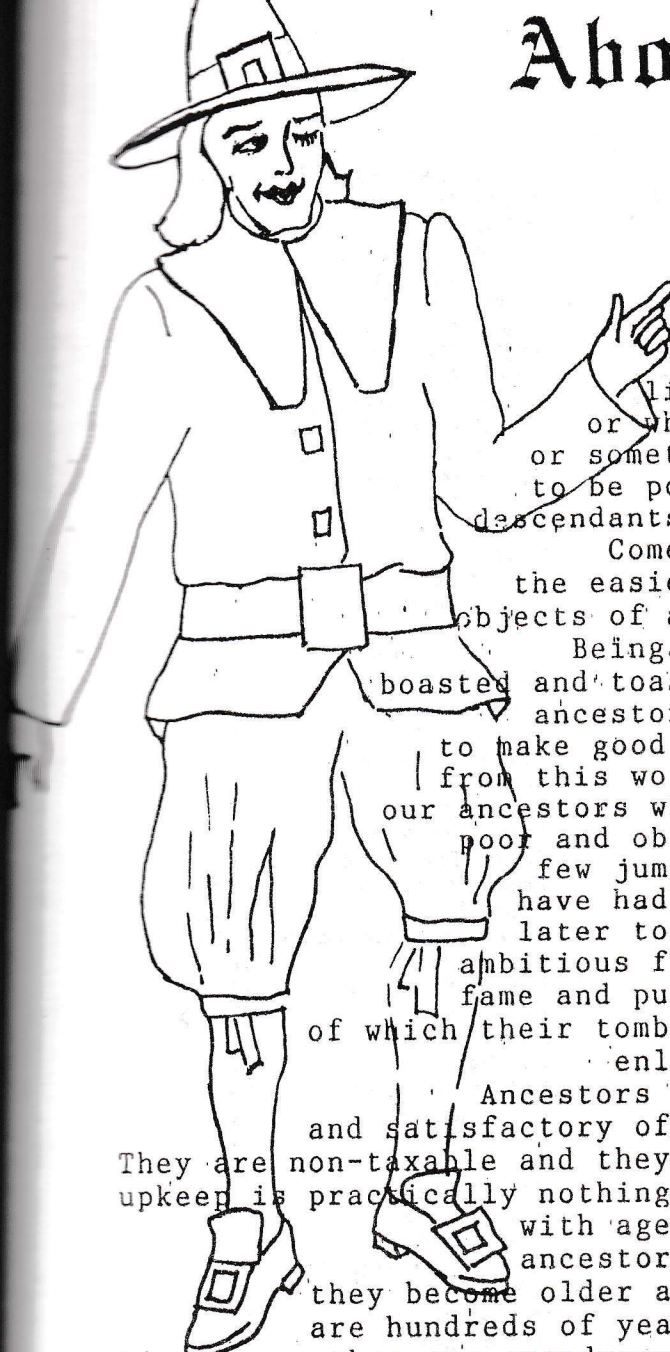
John T. CARNAHAN, farmer and miller, Bartholomew, Ark. This wide-awake, enterprising citizen, is a native born resident of Arkansas, his birth occurring in Chicot County, June 25, 1849, and is the son of J. T. and Elizabeth (BIRD) CARNAHAN. The parents reared a family of seven of seven children -- six daughters and one son -- four now living, two of the sisters in Ashley County, Ellen (wife of C. MOORE), Addie (wife of James BOYD), and Elizabeth (who lives in Tennessee, and is the wife of Wilson MABREY). The father of these children died in the army, in 1863, and his wife died the same year. Both esteemed members of the Methodist Church. John T. CARNAHAN was reared to years of discretion, in Chicot County, received a limited education, and after the death of his father, made his home with his grandfather in Louisiana. At the age of fourteen years, he commenced working for himself on a farm, and tilled the soil, until twenty-one years of age, when he commenced running a saw-mill and ginning cotton. He owns and operates the gin mill at Ohio Landing, also a saw-mill in the swamp, and is owner of a small farm. Mr. CARNAHAN has been twice married, first in 1870, was divorced and married again in the same year to Miss Mattie SUMMER, daughter of George SUMMER of Alabama. Mr. and Mrs. CARNAHAN are the parents of five children --two sons and three daughters: Frederick, Walter, Jessie, Alleria and Fanny M. Mr. CARNAHAN is a member of both the K. of P. and the K. of H. In politics he affiliates with the Democratic party.

Goodspeed History of Arkansas, p. 893



# About Ancestors

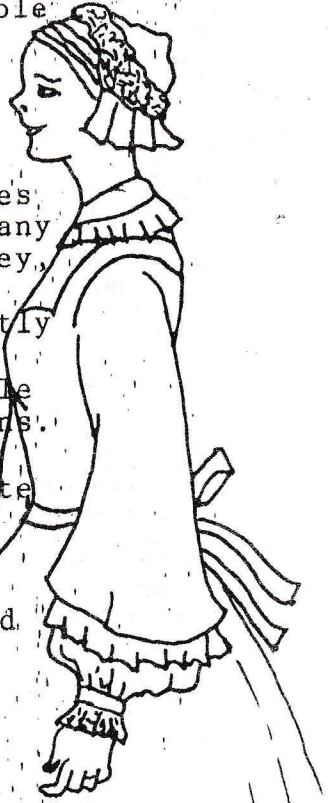
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Ancestors are to be found along with antique furniture and closet skeletons in nearly all well-regulated families. They consist of forefathers, foremothers, foreuncles and foreaunts, not to mention forecousins, who become famous in history; like, for example, being beheaded by a king, or who manage to become a governor or a mayor or something like that. This enables an ancestor to be pointed out with pardonable pride by his descendants forever more.

Come to think of it, an ancestor is one of the easiest to come by and the most fascinating objects of all our earthly possessions.

Being an ancestor consists merely of being boasted and toasted by one's descendants. Many ancestors have, therefore, been able to make good long after they are gone from this world. More than a few of our ancestors who departed this life as poor and obscure characters, only a few jumps ahead of the sheriff, have had the good fortune, centuries later to become the ancestors of many ambitious families with plenty of money, fame and publicity--as a consequence of which their tombstones have had to be greatly enlarged and adorned.



Ancestors are one of the most valuable and satisfactory of all our worldly possessions. They are non-taxable and they cannot be stolen. Their upkeep is practically nothing and they do not deteriorate with age. As a matter of fact, ancestors increase in value as they become older and older. Ancestors who are hundreds of years old are worth a thousand times more than our grandparents.

Adam is our oldest and best known ancestor. If he were still around he would be about six thousand years old. Adam had a fairly good earthly record considering the serpent, his wife, and the apple turned out to be booby traps. But Adam is everybody's ancestor; he is taken for granted just like rain or sunshine, education or ignorance, taxes or liberty.....so he does not rate a great number of coupon books at the shopping mall.

Nearly all people own and operate ancestors, even the poorest of us. Many a man who has only one shirt on his back and the other in the washing machine often can boast of having ancestors who are the envy of all his friends and neighbors.

The moral of this story is that everyone should be proud of his ancestors. To be sure, there were a handful or two who did not or could not walk the straight and narrow path, but what the heck--they weren't YOUR ancestors!

Contributed by  
Maurice White  
Past Governor, Massachusetts Branch



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Carnahan, J. T.	36	Franklin, William C.	36	Hawkins, Phyllis	22
Carnahan, Jessie	36	Fuglaar, Alexander Hamilton	18, 20	Hawkins, Rev. James Robert	22
Carnahan, John T.	36	Fuglaar, Alonzo	16	Hazley, Jacqueline Ann	23
Carnahan, Walter	36	Fuglaar, Casper	17	Hollaway, Alice	34
Carter, Kittie	36	Fuglaar, Casper Hall	15	Hollaway, James	34
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Chennault, Clair Lee	26	Fuglaar, Elmer	17	Honeycott, Lillie	36
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Claire, Levi	30	Fuglaar, Grant	16	Horton, Lorraine	21
Cole, R. W.	33	Fuglaar, Halle Olesen	15	Howie, Bob	30
Collins, Chubby	9	Fuglaar, Harry	17	Howie, James Augusta	20
Collins, Thornton	12	Fuglaar, Idelle Lorene	18,22	Howie, Jim	30
Cone, J. Carroll	4,5	Fuglaar, Ila Sue	24	Howie, Michael P.	20
Cone, Jashua	35	Fuglaar, James	19	Howie, Nora Elizabeth	20,23
Cone, Malinda	35	Fuglaar, James Ray	19	Howie, Robert	20
Craig, Herman	9	Fuglaar, James Roland	21,24	Hudson, Bill	30
Craig, J. C.	10	Fuglaar, James Russell	19	Hughes, Sam B.	30
Cummings, Capt.	2	Fuglaar, Jay	24	Jamerson, Jewel	20,21
Daughtery, Capt.	33	Fuglaar, Jay Volney	21,23	Jamerson, Velma	21
deMange, Lieut.	2	Fuglaar, Jay Volney	23	Jeter, Ben	19
Edwards, Helen	20,22	Fuglaar, Jemey James	24	Keller, Josh	31
Edwards, James Terrell	20,23	Fuglaar, Jess	22	Kisley, Alma	19
Edwards, James Thomas	23	Fuglaar, Jess H.	18,22	Mabrey, Wilson	36
Edwards, Kathryn	23	Fuglaar, Joanna Lynn	24	Mann, C. P.	36
Edwards, Patricia Ann	23	Fuglaar, John Russell	19	Manning, Isobel	24
Ferry, Mary Ann	22	Fuglaar, John Slay	21,23	Maxwell, Ella	36



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Slay, Noah	16
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Smith, Harvey Jr.	19
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Stover, Clara Lavinial	20
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Straughn, J. W.	35
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Summer, Mattie	36
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Teja, David Lyon	25
Teja, G. Dave	22,25
Teja, Loretta Rae	25
Teja, Robert Lee	22,25
Teja, Tombi	25
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